

For Candidate Beard to the woods like county, Pa., where, after some camping, he headed straight for the hills and the country to meet the farmers, their voting count was a big triumphal swim through hard now, Candidate Beard says, and even few farmers who tried to make him know the hills had had many questions in the world. And when all network of political machinery had riveted together the candidate quietly into Flushing a few days ago and the candidate had been in the hills some out again. With the newspaper announcement of his nomination the whole came to an end, all but the shouting. Candidate Beard denied vehemently last night that he had entered into any political deal with Samuel Hopkins Adams, is out for Supervisor in Cayuga, Saratoga county, in order to defeat Gus Thomas. He said he had no other traps. Candidate Harding Davis, who is now living in Rochester county, was sought around many Hall last night so that he could see inside facts about the New Rochelle. He said he had run out to Montclair over political affairs with E. J. Ridgeway, who, it is rumored, also has it framed to run for the county. He said that he was on the politico-lyric band and a militant fight for Montclair and coun-

Catherine Schuchman's new story, just in the English section, is primarily a novel of America, although some of it is set in England and she lives in England.

She herself is a California girl, and her father and his great wife, Nan Schuchman, are described in the book. Mrs. Schuchman was in New Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire, and the story coincides with the great disaster with huge buildings falling and toppling and their debris raining through the city with its terrible consequences.

Catherine Schuchman was born in California, but she lived in Munich most of her life, as a foreigner and traveling writer. While writing the book, she was in Germany, doing more of the same, visiting four countries and having little recreation. When the book is finished she promises to go abroad once again, and find peace and quietness accomplished, she is up and away visiting new capitals and fresh scenes for her books. I find she says:

"That the brain goes mad when you do what you want if you do not stop too long in a place."

If you do it is so unfortunate for you many

Thomas Hardy knew on what was most a part of the royal domain, the built the house himself, but the last upon which he fixed his choice belonged to the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., as Duke of Cornwall. As Hardy had no sense of obtaining the land, but it is charged that his application was turned before the Prince himself. He asked if it was Thomas Hardy the writer who wanted the piece of land. The laird told that it was the novelist he directed that the land be sold to him, saying: "We must do all we can to please such an admirable writer as Thomas Hardy."

Mrs. Margaret Burnett has a beautiful home in Kent, which she has transformed into a superb country estate into a wonder-
ful place notable all over Kent for its color-
ful lawns and rose gardens. She spends much
of her leisure planning out new flower beds
or adding new beauties to her orchard and
garden in the shadow of whose trees she
often sits and reads. She is also a keen
and motoring are also hobbies of hers, and
she has many celebrated neighbors within
a drive or motor run. Mr. Rudyard
Kipling is at Burwash, some ten miles away.
Lord Ronald Gower is at Penhurst. Mrs.
Frank Grant at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Henry
James at Ryton. Lord Colville at
Hawthorpe. Mr. H. G. Wells at Hythe.
Mr. Arthur Symonds at Witleigh and
Miss Ellen Terry at Smalhythe. All within
a short distance from Mrs. Burnett's home.
Mayham Hall. Mrs. Burnett entertains
much and is interested in the charities of

the neighborhood, reserving only the morning hours for her work, of which she accomplishes a tremendous amount. Her new story of "The Shuttle," which is soon to be published, has the international marriage for its theme and a mingling of English and American types among its characters.

Jenne Day Haines's holiday book, "Christmas Tyde," will contain the joyous customs and traditions of the holidays from Christmas Eve onward to Twelfth Night. A companion volume, "Weather Opinions," is a compilation of quaint weather quotations with original interludes upon various weather subjects and will be decorated semi-humorously by Spence Wright. Both books are printed on Normandy vellum and bound in appropriate artistic boards.

"I was never more proud of being a negro than I am to-day," Booker T. Washington says in "The American Negro of To-day," published in the current *Pittman's*. "If I had the privilege of reentering the world and the Great Spirit should ask me to choose the people and the race to which I should belong, I would answer: 'Make me an American negro.'" He speaks of the disadvantages of the separation of the two races and the schools as tending to deny to negroes the same opportunities as those granted to the white people, but he also claims that the division is an advantage in so far as it permits negroes to become the teachers of their own race. "No better discipline can be given to a people than that which they gain by being their own teachers."

"Nervousness in Women: Its Cause and Cure," by the Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D., which appears in the current *Harper's Bazar*, is of peculiar interest, as it is the official report of the work in mental therapeutics started in a Boston church for the benefit of those who are ill in soul and body. Neurasthenia is the disease of the age, and while by no means confined to women it is among them that the majority of its victims are found. One of the main roots of the malady Dr. McComb claims to be a moral one—egotism. "The sufferer thinks too much about herself, she broods over real or fancied ills; she becomes morbid or melancholy, or she is the plaything of a hypersensitive conscience. The idealist is taught to keep a healthy idea in the focus of consciousness and how to keep unhealthy and morbid ideas on the outskirts of her mind."

William P. Lighton, the Omaha novelist and author of "The Shadow of a Great Rock," has a press in his home in Dundee, where he writes and does his literary morning or late afternoon busy with spade and pen, earning on a small scale. This is his recreation, but for a short time some years ago manual labor was his temporary vocation. Caught in the collapse of the boom of Los Angeles, Lighton, who was then working on a daily paper, found himself without work and with little money. "For three days he had nothing to eat. Then I grubbed the Englishman turn him into a little bit on the shore, where the two lived for weeks on tea and fish and bread. He finally obtained work excavating for a large building. "The man on my right," he says, "graduated from one of the universities of Edinburgh," and others who toiled in the dirt with him were people of professional training and with college degrees. The rest of his career has been

The volume of letters recently published at Brussels under the title of "Correspondance de George Sand et D'Alfred Assolant" is made up from manuscripts which were left by George Sand in safe hands not to be printed till a decorous time after her death. The revelations supplied by these letters contain what Moravcsik, writing in the current *Bookman*, calls "the very kernel, the heart of the whole affair, all that could be learned from her and she were to come back from the dead in a mood of amazing frankness. She was a fashionable youth, she a woman apart from her husband and supporting two babies by her pen. In one letter she writes:

I feel that all our lives we shall love each other till our hearts and intelligences, that we shall be bound by an affection mutually to each other, that each of the pain we have caused each other's sake. *Hélas, non!* We have not even time to blame; we fulfilled our destiny, and our characters, more violent, more different than those of the Orient, created our setting down to the existence of ordinary lovers. But we may be sure that we were born to know and love. Except for your youth and the weakness I felt one morning for your tears we should have continued like



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TO FIND CULTURE TRY 98 JOHN

Shakespeare, Corneah Mattresses and the
Penal Code Tenderly Transported
Fithier by 607 Platoons When Orders
to Get a Move On Came to Old Slip

The First Precinct always was of the perfectly justifiable opinion that it had a private pipe line from the fount of police culture until the other day, when culture at Police Headquarters itself. The announcement that Inspector McGafferty was going to establish a detective library was a distinct shock to the people in Old Slip. Here for twenty-four years the First Precinct had possessed the only library attached to a police station in Greater New York, and now this distinction was to be taken away from it.

The mental agitation of Capt. Bill Hogan was distressing to see.

Lieut. Sam Aiken suggested that maybe it wasn't true that Headquarters was to have a library after all.

"It's true, list right," replied the captain loudly, knitting his brows as if they were worried. "I read all the leading and misleading papers, but THE STS says culture is our Headquarters, so I reckon we're up to the task." "I'll get our new station house the better for the cause of our people," he said, "along South Street, and maybe if we could get away into our temporary station house right away while they were building the new one we could find out something original and unique." "Some one ought to be up to this," he said, "and put a new dormat bearing new words 'Do It Now.' Perhaps a polite reminder like that would accomplish

The next day Capt. Bill Hogan concluded that while it must have been a clear case of thought transference, that was all there was to it. He had to get the book out of the record to start right away and move into a temporary station house at 98 John street while the Old Slip establishment was being torn down. He called the book to the attention of Lieut. Paddy Lynch was the first person to recover the use of his limbs when this paralyzing information was let loose. He was able to get up and walk off at an amazing speed, closely followed by the entire fifth platoon.

Sure enough, there was a green lamp in the room and designed in gold leaf on the ceiling panels from a wetroom at the John street—first Precinct Police Station.

The whole of that day was spent in moving the old Slip library into its new abode, and the next day, and all the next day, carried up the works of Bill Shakespeare, not to mention the complete works of Dickens, a few of Thackeray, and forth Sir Walter Scott and the rest of the platoon tenderly transported the Penal Code.

For the next day or two the downtown streets of New York City were edified by the sight of policemen carrying cots and corncob mattresses on their shoulders through the streets, not to speak of the street-sweepers' impedimenta and memorabilia.

At the moment he set eyes on the new policeman, he declared to Lieut. John F. Bracken, "this station house we've got now is so artistic and astonishing that I can't help but put the stamp of culture upon our men. Look at that dawning glass front window, those are lights illuminating the ground floor, the side windows, the top windows, the windows in the color, and all the woodwork done in white on grey heavens, the place is the brightest and gayest looking police station New York has ever had. The place is so bright and shining the back room is done in white paper with that watered silk effect. Why the place will look so cheerful at night and so incredible to think of at night and so incredible to come in. First thing you know they'll be coming in of their own accord."

To my mind, observed Lieut. Joseph Bracken, "it's a damn good idea."

"That's just what it is," Capt. Hogan replied, beaming. "It's a quick lunch restaurant, and we're going to serve art night hot off the griddle."

BRIDGE THE BAY.

What's What Staten Island Wants. Old Resident Tells P. S. Commission.

The Public Service Commission held a hearing yesterday on transit conditions Staten Island. Several suggestions had been made, such as a tunnel under the narrows or of one from the Jersey shore, the arrow of an old resident arose:

"We folks over in Staten Island," said he, "don't want to go to New York by any quick roadcut route. When we want to go to the city we want to go there and it to Brooklyn or Jersey. If we're going to be connected with Manhattan, let's have something direct. We want a bridge if necessary, an island could be built half way between."

New Home for Eleanor Robson.

Miss Eleanor Robson, the actress, has bought a town house at 302 West Seventy-eighth street, adjoining the corner of West 147th avenue. It is a four story brownstone building. Miss Robson will occupy the house this fall.

As an oyster is
protected by its
shell, so are
Oysterett

5¢
NATIONAL

THE BISCUIT COMPANY

CHARLES EMORY SMITH WED
His Bride Was Miss Henrietta Nichols
Warring Took Place at Long Branch
LONG BRANCH, N. J. Oct. 3. Ex-Pos

master-General Charles Emory Smith, edit
of the Philadelphia *Press*, and Miss Henriette
Nichols, daughter of Mrs. Wasington
Romaine Nichols of New York, were mar-
ried to-day at the bride's summer home
in Park avenue. The ceremony was per-
formed by the Rev. Dr. James A. McFay.

The bridemaids were Miss Frances Livingston Sullivan and Miss Leta Sullivan of Philadelphia, nearest of the bride. The flower girls, also nearest of the bride, were Elaine and Mary Sullivan and Helen Nicholas. William Potter of Philadelphia, former Minister to Italy, was best man.

left was served. Then Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat in an automobile for their wedding trip, which will include a visit to Canada and Europe. The bride is the daughter of R. Nichols, who was a prominent member of the bar. One of her ancestors, Sir Richard Francis Nichols, was brother of Sir Richard B. Nichols, the first Lord Mayor of New York. Her great-grandfather was Benjamin Romaine, who was the second Comptroller of New York.

The wedding included the Senator and Mrs. Philander C. Knox, ex-Attorney-General and Mrs. John W. Griggs, Lawrence Gillespie, Senator Chauncey S. Depue, Gen. John W. Foster, ex-Minister to Spain; Gen. James H. Wilson of Wilmington, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. James C. Sullivan.

Clarke-Hannegan.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3. Miss Mathilde Dun-

Miss Hannegan and Capt. Golande V. Clarke, of the Eighteenth Hussars, British Army. D. S. Clarke, of the 10th Cavalry, U. S. Army, and Mrs. Q. Clarke, of the Episcopal Church by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith. The bride entered with her brother, Dunstan Hannegan, of this city. She had no attendance. Miss Capt. Clarke's best man was Harriman Buckner.

After a wedding breakfast at the Shoreham Hotel, Capt. Clarke and the bride left for the Pacific Coast by the Santa Monica. The bride will sail on Vancouver for a trip that will last two years.

Miss Hannegan is a daughter of the late Col. Sellman Hannegan, of Indiana. She has spent the last ten years abroad and on returned to the United States last week.

Her father was killed in the Boer war. Capt. Clarke fought in the Boer war as a lieutenant and at Spion Kop, and received a bar to his rank of Major for conspicuous bravery.

Montague-Coller.

Miss Amy A. Collier, daughter of the late Dr. Peter Collier, and Gilbert H. Montague, were married yesterday afternoon at the

Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, at Lexington avenue and Thirty-first street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hugh Birchhead, rector of St. George's Church, and the Rev. Arthur Ketchum, curate of the Epiphany. The bride was Miss Ethel C. Romans, daughter of Edward Romans of this city, and sister of Coslett Smith. The bridegroom was Mr. B. Angell of the University of Michigan. She was attended by Miss Amy O. Aldrich of Chadbourne and Aldrich, and Miss Eliza Procter of Boston assisted as best man, and the Messrs. B. H. Inness Brown, William H. Chadbourne, John C. Aldrich, Mark Smith, Jr., Chester H. Aldrich, a cousin of the bride, and Judge William H. Wadsworth were ushers.

Smith-Homans.
Miss Ethel C. Romans, daughter of the late Edward Romans of this city, and sister of Coslett Smith were married yesterday afternoon at the bride's home, 308 West 10th street, by the Rev. Arthur Ketchum, curate of the Epiphany. The bride was accompanied by her brother, Howard Parnell Homans. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. George W. Smith, and her cousin, Miss Gordon Smith of Rochester, N. Y., assisted by her brother as best man and there were no bridesmaids or ushers.

Tilney-Sargent.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 3.—Miss Rhoda M. Sargent, daughter of Henry B. Sargent, member of the Yale Corporation, was married to-day to Robert F. Fitch, son of the Rev. Dr. Fitch, by Rev. Robert F. Tilney. The ceremony was performed in the garden of the Sargent home by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., secretary of the Yale Corporation.

Hutchins—Moses.

The wedding of Miss Lina Blanche Moses and Harry Crockers Hutchins was celebrated last evening at the home of the bride's parents, 48 West Ninety-seventh street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hanna, curate of St. Agnes's Chapel, 1 West Ninety-second street.

MISS VANDERBILT TO WED CONT.

Mother of Miss Gladys Makes Announcement.—No Information as to Wedding Date.

NEWPORT, Oct. 3.—The fashionable world at Newport is greatly interested in the engagement of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, which was announced this morning by Mrs. Vanderbilt. Count Szechenyi is now the guest of the Countess of Vaud and her mother at the Breakers. The couple were out driving the greater part of to-day.

The family will make no statement regarding when and where the wedding is to

to
press
new,
order

BINGHAM ACTS AS JUDGE
Understands, He Says, the Effect of a Diet
at a Popular Restaurant.
Commissioner Bingham presided at

trials at Police Headquarters yesterday and every delinquent policeman who was before him, with the exception of one, voted him an easy Judge. He let the men down easy, giving them the benefit of doubt and advising them to mend their ways; but in cases where the accused de-

Policeman John Anglin of the New Brighton Station, Staten Island, who was detailed on one of the municipal ferrets, was charged with sitting in a cabin with gloves off and reading a newspaper. He pleaded forgetfulness, and Commissioner promptly fined him ten dollars.

arrest and using vile language to a citizen who had been arrested for the same reason. He was charged with carrying a stock broker of 462 West Twenty-second street, charging him with speeding on a mobile at the rate of forty miles an hour. Miss Gracie Reymier, who lives at 1015 Miss Adelaide Reymier, Rutland Hotel, Broadway and Fifty-ninth street, he had been out in a machine. After leaving his wife at home he drove to the Rutland Hotel and remained in the hotel twenty minutes.

Upon returning to the street he started to turn the crank, who he said, "You cannot turn this crank, it is broken." He admitted that on the following morning when he was arraigned in the West 84th court he was fined \$10 for exceeding speed limit and \$2 for intoxication and disorderly conduct.

When Miss Reymier was called to the stand and testified that the machine had been broken for a few days before the policeman, Quilty asked Miss Reymier

if she had taken any intoxicating drink that night.

"She replied, 'We had been dining at Martin's, and when I dined at Martin's with a guest I don't drink water.'"

"Thoroughly understood," Gen. Bingham said. "Decision reserved."

STUDINCK UP FOR ROBBERY

Ex-convict and a Pal Arrested for a \$1,000 Jewelry Heist Last June

On suspicion of having committed a \$1,000 jewelry robbery a year ago last June, W. Studinck, who, according to the police annex-convict whose picture in the Rogg Gallery, and Charles Stein were arrested yesterday by Central Office Detective Duggan and Kinler and looked up at Police Headquarters. Studinck said he has a headcut at 101 East 102d street. Stein lives at 327 East 100th street. They were arrested while selling through the Bowery.

near Twenty-second street, was entered by burglars in June, 1906, and, although a place was protected by burglar alarms at a watchman was asleep in a rear room in front of the store, the thieves escaped without detection. Not until Brandt came down to open up was it discovered that the place had been robbed.

It took a while to find out behind several trade names and a piece of wrapping paper bearing the name of a hardware concern on Fourth avenue. Detectives Duggan and Klump, who were on duty at the time, showed the tools to the salesmen in the hardware store and one of them remembered having sold them to a man the day before. The robbery was reported to the purchaser, the police said, tallied with that of Stuidnick. The police learned that he had left New York and was operating as "Buffalo" Bogart. A photograph of the picture was shown to the hardware salesman and he identified it as that of the man who had purchased the tools.

Stuidnick was a well-known store owner, Straus, at 400 Fulton street. Brooklyn was robbed in a similar manner and was identified. Officers learned that Stuidnick had been seen in New York.

ago they went on a hunt for him. When arrested on the Bowery yesterday he had a quantity of jewelry in his clothes, including a gold watch bearing the inscription "E. E. B.". On the inside of the cover was engraved "Made for Max H. Elle, Niagara Falls, N. Y."

Magistrate Dronge, in Essex market court, held the prisoners in \$5,000 bail for trial.

ANNUAL DEAD WOMAN'S MARRIAGE

The Pica of Her Administrator Is That Husband Committed Fraud.

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 3.—Suit was brought to-day in the Superior Court in Fairfield county to have declared void the marriage of a woman now dead.

The complainant is Frederick M. Williams of New Milford, administrator of the estate of Mary M. McMahon. The administrator alleges that at the time of the woman's marriage to Patrick M. McMahon she was epileptic, feeble minded, imbecile and insane, and that McMahon investigated her by ceremony, and after inducing her to deed her property to McMahon, drew her money from a bank in the city and gave it to him he had her committed to the State Hospital for the Insane at Middletown, Conn., as an insane pauper.

The administrator desires to restrain McMahon from selling the property belonging

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Separate Skirts

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Advertising Department, N. Y.

INTELLIGENCE

The need of intelligence in the matter of footwear does not end with selecting the material or constructing the shoes. The advantages from these are of full benefit only when an intelligent salesman fits the right shoes to your feet.

If you have experienced but perfunctory service, you will appreciate like other men the careful and courteous treatment by experienced salesmen which makes the

Stetson Shop worthy of the Stetson Shoe.

Stetsons cost \$5.50 to \$9.00 the pair

The Stetson Shoe

The STETSON SHOP
9 CORTLAND ST
near Broadway
Also sold at
121 W. 42^d Street

SENATOR TALIAFERRO HELD UP.

State Employees Order His Automobile Off a Road That Is Being Improved.

UTICA, Oct. 3.—United States Senator James P. Taliaferro of Florida and his son-in-law, C. S. Hubbard, with their wives, came through this city to-day in automobiles en route to New York. In the vicinity of Frankfort, east of Utica, they had experience which caused their wrath to rise and provoked the utterance of harsh words about the State Department of Public Works.

Senator Taliaferro and party encountered a stretch of macadam road in progress of building near Frankfort and the chauffeurs quickly held them up. An inspector of the highway, informing them that it was not open to traffic, Senator Taliaferro professed to be in a hurry and the chauffeurs turned around and headed back to the Erie Canal towpath, which runs parallel

LIBRARIAN KILLED HIMSELF.

Man Who Had 50,000 Volume Index in His Head a Suicide.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 3.—The lifeless body of Percy Digby, librarian of the Allegheny county courts, was this morning taken from the Ohio River. The librarian, who for years had carried the index of 50,000 law volumes in his head, disappeared six days ago and his death seems a clear case of suicide.

Told out this evening that Digby had contemplated suicide after having some trouble and that a few days before his disappearance went to his attorney, to whom he told all his troubles and asked for advice. The attorney told him to make his peace with God and write his will. The will was written and filed away, then Mr. Digby drew \$25 from a bank and disappeared. The \$25 was found in his pocket to-day.

with the road that is in process of building. "Keep off here," warned two State employees as the Taliaferro party started eastward over the mule path.

"That road yonder is closed, and I must be in Albany to-night. Why do you bar my way?" exclaimed the excited Senator, handing his card to one of the deputies guarding the highway.

"State Superintendent Stevens directed that this towpath should not be used as a highway, and we are here to carry out his orders," explained the deputy, casting Taliaferro's card into the canal.

The Senator and his party turned their machines about, travelled forty miles out of their way and finally found a road on which they could travel to Albany. The distance which they desired to cover on the towpath was less than a mile.

Zetle de Lussan Honeymooning.

Mlle. Zetle de Lussan and her husband, Angelo Fronani, a pianist, got here yesterday on the steamship Adriatic. They admitted it was a honeymoon trip with them, as they were married shortly before the steamer sailed. Angelo Fronani used to accompany Mlle. de Lussan when she was here singing.